

# The Idiot Papers

## Book 2

### A STRONG DOSE OF MADNESS

-5007 5907 MATICS



## EVERYTHING CAN CHANGE

Why bother keeping track of the dates? Is this at all important? Would it be better if I were to eliminate that stupid white man habit? This notebook is fat, and the V5 Precise Pilot Rolling Ball is able to scribble small. Much will be scribbled in here, and many moons will pass... I have many questions.

Will I be able to prevent myself from becoming a menace in this apartment complex?

When I am without my, I mostly scribble and read in between meals? I am not in need of "day programs" or "therapy". I want to enjoy my higher faculties, my brain. I will not have to participate in the Community Psychiatric Clinic on Stoneway in Seattle. I do not qualify. I haven't been in the hospital. Were I to go to a psych ward, I would maybe qualify. I may have to contact social services (welfare): DSHS???

after the 3rd, by Monday 4/6, I will have phone card and call Valley to inquire about getting a doctor.

I may lose into medicinal marijuana.

On Friday night... the kids are loud as Hell. I may be OK here! I AM WILD.



read,  
hini,  
Fries,  
mix,  
a

I found 1 dollar on the ground in the rain, 3  
and an elderly homeless dude <sup>BRAD</sup> drinking a 40 in public  
gave me 50 cents telling us how much  
he loved us - that me & were respectful.  
I will remember him and do what I can to  
help him. I will try to get a blanket to  
him ... NEXT MONTH.

One very aggravating event that troubles me.  
I've been in communication with my mother.  
She knows I am in need of money, in  
need of tobacco, food, bus fare,  
she sent me an \$18 copy of Arthur  
Schopenhauer's WORLD AS WILL AND REPRESENTATION  
I already have a copy. It was \$9.95  
back in 1991 when I bought it.  
So, my mother felt so bad about getting rid  
of my books that she purchased my "favorite  
writer/thinker's" most important work and  
mailed it to me. How could she not  
think I don't already have a copy with me?  
She knows I could have used the \$25  
she WASTED (and I do mean wasted)?  
Five dollars worth of tobacco would have  
made me feel better. I don't know

account  
f,  
and  
do  
at this  
my  
have  
trust  
approach  
him  
for us  
to  
en we were  
walked  
S.

- 6001 CART METER



her to respond. I will not send her email  
telling her "Thank you". That would be a  
LIE! She obviously is in never-never  
land, and I have pity for her.

I was ANGRY when I opened the package,  
especially seeing how much the copy was.

I've been looking on the ground for money.  
I carried World 11 bill and Representation  
from Jersey! Didn't she pay attention?

I wish she did not upset me, but it  
does. I wonder if I will ever see my  
mother again. I am DISGUSTED with

both of my parents. I appreciate the  
\$200 gift from my father,

and I appreciate the symbolic gesture  
my mother made, but I will

I remember these weeks. I will

remember how little my parents pay  
attention. We, it always me that my

mother just went out of her way to waste  
money, actually thinking this would make  
me feel better — why didn't she ask me

first if I had a copy? I can't help being upset.

I feel rage. I am irritable. Where

anyone to upset me, I don't think  
I would be able to refrain from attacking  
them physically. JTR is an important friend

to me. He may be — No — he must  
likely is a much better friend to me than  
my nephew. My nephew will contact

me in a couple days. JTR will most  
likely be back around sooner than Wednesday  
(4/1). I almost want to refrain from sending  
email to my mother.

that she I could have sent tobacco  
or cash... but sent me a book I have

with me (NOW 2 COPIES!!!); what  
can excuse such stupidity?

Is it "the thought that counts"?  
What thought? What thought did she  
put into this? she I could have

hated and been more careful, more  
thoughtful. It's a ground feature...  
I won't mention it unless she

asks about it. What would I say?  
I received the book Mon. Sorry you wasted  
\$25 sending me a book I have already.

Now I have 2 copies of World 11 bill  
and Representation. ~~Maybe~~ A Comedy of errors.



11/11

I am disgusted that my mother wasted her time and her money. She totally ignored my request for tobacco/food money. She ignored me and tried to look for a solution to the fact that I am furious over having my library. There is no solution to this.

I think too much about this. I will pop a vein from anger. It took 7 days for this book to arrive.

I really wish she would have sent me tobacco or at least waited before buying Schopenhauer's *Mediumism* and mailing it. She must know that I now have 2 copies with me. The question is, WHAT DOES SHE EXPECT ME TO DO?

DOES SHE suspect I will be upset? Does she expect me to thank her? She ignored my plea and made a mistake, she gave me a book... Now I have 2 copies. Maybe I will carry around my old copy. I... It can't I must have 2 copies. I can lend out the old copy. I will be honest. I will tell her I now have 2 copies of the same book and that I would have preferred tobacco in cash = 40 pence

THANKS

11/11  
No, I can't be upset with my mother. She knows I am well enough to understand who my favorite author is and what his greatest work is. ]

To have 2 copies will allow me to use my old copy more often. In fact, I may put Nietzsche on the shelf for a while, and delve into Schopenhauer's *WORLD AS WILL AND REPRESENTATION*, VOLUME TWO, referring to VOLUME ONE whenever necessary.

[ I My mother has motivated me to return to Schopenhauer. The French writers have managed to confuse us... and the academic world is still under the spell of the charlatan, Hegel! ]

Be an honest, intelligent, and genuine thinker, it is I, Michael William Heinrich, the poor devil himself, who is called to focus on this great mind who so many spiritual servants have chosen to ignore.

I challenge the willfully ignorant. ] Perhaps, upon seeing I have 2 copies of *The World As Will and Representation*, Volume One, my nephew will want to read Volume One to supplement his study of *The Upanisads* !!! I will not be too quick to be upset.

will tell my mother I can now give my copy to Joey.

AND SO IT GOES.



"Mund full of questions and Teacher in my soul...  
And so it goes..."

The Creator of the Universe has blessed me with  
this friendship with JR. I am honored to be  
able to offer him a sanctuary to paint  
his art work. Song is flowing strong in me.

The ROCK N ROLL <sup>ignite</sup> use I around me and  
within me. Hip Hop has had it. It is time...

"It doesn't matter what they say in the papers,

'cause it's always been the same old scene.

\* There's a new man in town, but you  
can't get the sound from a story in a magazine,  
owned at your average teen."

I can drum. I can sing. I can flute.

I can write.

I will NOT abandon my  
nephew. I am his uncle and I understand  
him. I came here to be in his world.

Now, the Creator of the Universe has brought  
JR and I together. Just why the

Mexicans have issues with him, I do  
not know, but I was disgusted when  
"Mexicans" do not acknowledge their

roots as Native American "Indios". I have  
to "side" with JR and face the consequences  
Fuck the NAFTAS and GANGS. Fuck 'em ALL!

Maybe a "band" is forming - not a "gang",  
but a true pack of wolves, a band of  
artists: scholars, painters, and warriors.

My nephew may mature and make quantum  
leaps in <sup>endured</sup> maturity. I open  
my doors to him always. This is an  
honor. And my nephew witnesses that

a great Native Unmedicine man / artist /  
warrior honors me with his trust and  
friendship. This reflects well on me -

and that I am able to lift JR's  
spirit, the <sup>like</sup> my spirit. Hollywood  
and myths are not the role legends in  
the Universe. We are living legends,

heroes, the living prophets. I think  
that my nephew I may come to respect me  
even more when he starts to see that  
the Universe (the Creator) truly is

"reaching out to me" in the form of  
JR and I Joeey. I am blessed with  
brothers. Band on the run.

My nephew will no longer be needy. <sup>It will be wonderful were he to have his</sup>  
own domicile in the city. My door is open should  
he ever need company, food, conversation, tobacco!



It is a wonderful and symbolic act - my mother giving me this second copy of my favorite book. She does know me very well. She has proven it. I do appreciate how close I am to my mother. When the persons who are ~~is~~ to be called to study Schopenhauer present themselves to me, I will have a copy to loan them until they get their own copy. It could be my nephew even.

It is a new beginning for me. I will look for this "Brood" in April and try to get him a blanket for outdoors, I have been called to be out here. I dare say that even IR may need me to keep out of harm's way so that he can ~~get~~ become what he is to become. IR is the Real Thing.

Russel Means may be an "apple".

Maybe I will be able to take it easy with the beer... keep it light, like Bud, Maybe I will be able to stop for awhile and nuke on a booty.

I never really gave Schopenhauer's WWR Vol 2 the attention it deserves. Has anyone ???  
What has my mother done but reminded me of what is the most significant mind in my life?

I get a kick out of Nietzsche, but so many ignore Schopenhauer. Nietzsche even admits that Schopenhauer is a great educator of mankind. I will exercise the ghost of Hegel and ~~more~~ take literature to VAS & philosophic ~~proposals~~. I will become the most ~~passionate~~ the most intimate, the most fearless "WHY?" and "WHAT NEXT?" ]

While I became enraged that my mother would send me a book I already have while I have NO TOBACCO, when I explicitly requested any cash she could send my way in the hour of need, upon deeper reflection, realizing that I have 2 copies may encourage me to "mark up" and "study" my older copy (while embarking on an intense meditation upon Volume 2) ~~now~~ have a calm mood settle in me. This was my mother's attempt to prove to me HOW WELL SHE KNOWS ME. I am in no rush to tell her the book arrived. I don't want to wound her. I will use tact. I will restrain the impulse to scold her. Still, I force ventually returning to be by her side.



[ This year I want to moderate. I have spent the past 18 years on an intellectual adventure, and, after exploring phenomenology and postmodernism and even Alan Badiou, I am ready to come around full circle, ready to give Volume Two of Schopenhauer's The World As Will & Representation my full attention. ]

[ All these books in my personal library had been a continual distraction. ] I have all the books I can handle in my possession. [ I will read Volume 2 and refer to Volume 1 as necessary - in preparation for death. ] Luckily, to return to Schopenhauer at this time in my life, while I am in the process of writing a "cult classic" (and physically so far away from the country of my tortured existence), will only intensify my energy field and sharpen my voice. I will be in no rush to complete the book. A Strong Dose of Madness ... and many green months' years, writing aphorisms. "I will not be concerned with 'insomnia' for my 'religion' is PESSIMISM!"

I got through my temper tantrum and have nothing but gratitude for having such a caring mother that she would be so "in tune" with my psyche. Here I am on the verge of embarking on an intense revitalization of Pessimism, with The World As Will & Representation, Volume 2 as my main focus, when my mother sends me a new copy of Volume 1. It is symbolic. I may carry both volumes with me as if carrying my BIBLE. Cioran's words will also become sacred literature helping me to develop my vocabulary and my imagination.

[ I will be an evangelist of Pessimism. This will be an antidote to stupidity and ] a festivity against "positive thinking." With Arthur Schopenhauer and Emil Cioran as my literary companions, and JR and Jody as my fleshly companions, my daily existence will be rich indeed. [ I should see an opportunity for an encounter with a human present & itself, I will not be alone needy and pathetic wretch, but will be a mentally/emotionally independent creature who offers "fatherly"/nurturing support without the violence of domination. I am OPEN, ]



## Section 2: The Mephi Heretics

I sleep when I am tired with no worries about "schedules" or grids. Now that my nephew's heart is open to me again, I can best troubled. Spending at least a year away from New Jersey will do me good. I should let my mother need me to return. I can return after February 2010. Until then I can work on a book: literature as art. I want to change the name of my website again, from The Mephi to The Heretics.

Or → Hentrich's Hideaway for Heresy

Or → Hentrich & the Heretics

→ Hentrich's Hideaway or Hentrich's Heresy

→ The Heretics' Hideaway

→ HERETIC'S HIDEAWAY

→ X-HENTRIC HERETIC'S HIDEAWAY

Without the presence of CLAWS or GORT BUSTERS I am now a loose cannon free to do as I will — creative unrestrained freedom!

No boss, NO wife, NO religion, NO master, I get my instructions directly from The Creator

The fucking connection to the Internet is always going down. I can't depend on it. I will have to find libraries. I will have to get used to an inexpensive notebook-computer. What then I will keep writing. My heroes, besides this Yergyn Zampatin, are, of course Arthur Schopenhauer, Friedrich Nietzsche, Emil Cioran, and even Postmodernism! <sup>Satanism</sup> ... John Barrow and his characters Austin Train and Chad Mulligan ... the Lavin and his character, Chip ... Krist Voranget and his character Kilgore Trout.

"Dogma, statistics and agreement prevent anyone's being seized by that illness that is called art, least of all by its complex forms. (Gangnam)." Since there were no heretics, <sup>Wilem Gangnam</sup> Gangnam had to invent them, and so he became a leader of the literary resistance.

"I know that I have a highly inconvenient habit of speaking what I consider to be the truth, rather than saying what may be expedient at the moment. (Gangnam, 1998)"



"Just as the Christians had created the devil as a convenient personification of all evil, so the critics have transformed me into the devil of literature -"  
Gamyatin

Is it possible to serve great ideas in literature without cringing before little men?

Note: spellings vary Yevgeny Zamyatin, Evgeny, Evgenij, Ivenovitch, Evenovitch — Zamyatin, Zamyatin.

Gamyatin loved the great Russian romantic writers such as Dostoyevski, Tolstoy, and Pushkin.

I am not concerned about the attempt to prevent me from reaching the world. Legends need not be promoted by Hollywood, television, or popular culture. Legends are broadcasted throughout the interconnected web of reality.

My attempt at "gostautors.org", whywre.org, and now isis.phpbb3now.com have been similar in SPIRIT to Gamyatin's THE SERAPION BRETHREN of 1922.

"Every artist of importance creates his own world, with its own laws --- creates and shapes it in his own shape and image, and no one else's. This is why it is difficult to fit the artist into a world that has already been created, a seven-day, fixed and solidified world: he will inevitably ship out of the net of laws and paragraphs, he will be a heretic." 17

"Children are the boldest philosophers."

Like children, like Schopenhauer, Dostoyevsky, Nietzsche, ask "Why?" and "What next?"

"Philosophers of genius, children, and the people are equally wise — because they ask equally foolish questions. Foolish to a civilized man who has a well-furnished European apartment, with an excellent toilet, and a well-furnished dogma."

Nothing that is so, is so  
"All truths are erroneous. This is the very essence of the dialectical process: today's truths become errors tomorrow; there is no final number"



This truth (the only one) is for the strong alone. Weak-minded minds insist on a finite universe, a last number. They need, in Nietzsche's words, "the crutches of certainty." The weak-minded lack the strength to include themselves in the dialectic syllogism.

(On Literature, Revolution, Entropy, and Other Matters 1923)

"Truth is the first thing that present day literature lacks. The I-writer has dreamed himself in lies, he is too accustomed to speak prudently, with a careful look over his shoulders." (The Day and the Age, 1924)

"The myth about the angel who rebelled against his Lord is the most beautiful of all myths, the proudest, the most revolutionary, the most immortal of them all."

"... the inner world: those spiritual apartments to which we are reluctant to admit strangers."

I will acknowledge this Gammatin as one of my HEROES

Being without tobacco for so long may help me to appreciate it more when I have access to it. Certainly I will appreciate my next beer, but I really am missing the green herb. I miss my friend Billy from Freehold. And yet, maybe this area will take so much getting used to... that I may be able to "stretch" spending money. Next time I am able, I will take up on Tobacco, papers, filter tubes, etc... I am sure my nephew will need to come to me for some tobacco when he must give his 44 check for rent.

This will be fine as it will give me a chance to infect one another with our CREATIVE ENERGY FIELDS.

JR wants in ... and I do value his brotherhood. He is a wise thinker with a wonderfully personality. When my nephew was threatening to get a restraining order put against me (to keep me away from his psychotic so-called wife), JR showed me to laugh, lifted my spirit, and let me know what an asshole my nephew was being. Now I forgive my nephew, but



When Kit Marley wrote the Tragedy of Doctor Faustus, did he have a new religion in mind? Is "Mephistopheles" or "herb"?

Is "the Devil" the fallen angel who rebelled against his Creator a beautiful, proud, revolutionary FREE SPIRIT?

Why should I be limited to using the myths in a derogatory sense - as in "little white devil"? "Devil in human form" ... There are devils in Hell that torture the bodies of animals (humans included).

There are not associated with Lucifer, but are actually Christian devils and Muslim devils and Jewish devils and Hindu devils.

I will want the concrete language, the concrete terminology.

I will not use the term DEVIL when I mean rebel or heretic. Nobody knows what "the Nephilim" are. They would have to read Genesis's WE. It is like Vernagut's The Ghost Shift Society in Playa Limbo or The Brotherhood in Quell's 1984. I want to come up with my own RESISTANCE UNDERGROUND.

Maybe the name of this personal underground Resistance movement will include the word HERETIC or HERETICS. I will not

reclaim my ANTI-HEGELIAN spirit. May the ghosts of Arthur Schopenhauer, Emil Cioran, Friedrich Nietzsche, Yehonny Ivanovitch Zamyatin, Kurt Vernagut Jr, and George Carlin gather in my PSYCHE. [Toward the end of George Carlin's life, he felt that literature was "the most powerful form of expression," and that "entertainment" / television was extremely limited.]

So, what shall my PROJECT MAYHEM be? Hollywood has nothing on the Great Tiredness.

These hip-hop artists like to talk threatening shit about "poetry books" ... but make it time to stick it to the ignorant. Will the real Devil, please stand up. Will the great proud rebel stand up to his lord? Somehow I want to embrace the proud rebel and revolutionary fallen angel while disassociating with those Christians, Muslims, Jews, Hindus, and Supremacists and Wardens and Prison Guards and COPS and coprate fascists ... I figured "the poor Devil" worked well.



But I'm never satisfied. I have insomnia, but I am not even concerned. Goodbye Blue Mondays! I don't have to go anywhere in the morning. No jobs, no programs, no appointments...

So I stay awake reading behaviour... I'm not committed to anything. I go from Lioran back to Nietzsche back to Schopenhauer... I ask "Why?" and "What next?"

On "the Internet", in my "sandbox": isis.phpbb3now.com, I change my AKT screen name continuously.

I even change the name of the site. First it was The Ghost Shift Society (inspired by Vernequin's Player Piano). Then it was The Meph (inspired by Zamyatin's We); actually it still is... but I am prepared to change it again...

X-HENTRIC HIDEAWAY FOR HERESY ... do, there is a shadowed forest? There's got to be an inner world. There has to be a way to have a mass movement? No. Most people are the 85% GOATS, SHEEP, ZOMBIES. 10% are the rulers, the Managers & engineers... I am less than 5%... I AM A REAL HEAD: X-HENTRIC HERETICS

[And so it goes... Nothing that is so, is so. No what you will. Nothing is written in stone. The Meph is so obscure... Nobody even reads Hermann Hesse these days... Let alone Zamyatin!

We are entity, I represent a rebellion, a resistance... a literary resistance. Like Christopher Marlowe I am atheistic... I am a blasphemer and a heretic.

Unlike Malcolm X or Martin Luther King Jr, I am NOT deluded by Christianity or Islam. I am not self-righteous, but a "bipolar alcoholic albino" J! I do not intend on reaching the MASSES, but only a small percentage of the population: outsiders, an intelligent minority.

Militant philosophers, radical heretics, free spirits, rebels, revolutionary, renegades! What do I call myself?

What do I call my underground movement? I am basically in exile with far supporters in a self-imposed solitary confinement. I engage in and encourage

Orwellian THOUGHT CRIME. Literary outlaws. HERETICS, MINDCRIME: THOUGHT CRIMINALS, MENTAL OUTLAWS...

GANGSTER Literature.



(2)

I went to investigate Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven pp. 87-96 about tailor Billings, from Tennessee - a Jewish tailor... the greatest worker who ever lived. He wrote and threw everything in a trunk. One night, a bunch of rabbis decided to have fun with this guy. They tarred and feathered him, rode him out of town on a rail, put for him, threw him in a ditch and he died of pneumonia.

BTW: His wife hated him, was ashamed of him, and burned the trunk.

"He wasn't over expecting to go to heaven, much less that there was going to be any fun made over him. Well, anyway, Billings had the grandest reputation that had been in thousands of centuries..."

Why, look here, Shakespeare walked backwards before that tailor from Tennessee and scattered flowers for him to walk on, and Homer stood behind his chair and wrote on him at the banquet... I wish there was something in that miserable superstition, so that we could say to God. That Tennessee village would not see a Monument to Billings, then, and his outgroups would instead Satan's."

I borrowed "Life Shaking Hands with God" - a conversation about visiting (first) Homeless & Lee (Hunger). I pushed reading it in one night. I guess I am content with OPERATION: Literary Resistance. I am not quite sure how I will proceed with my book project.

My mother wants me to mail her the book she sent me. I guess I will spend the \$5... but that would be a waste of \$10... and the book is worth \$20. Maybe I will hold on to it... We'll see. I don't want her to feel that she threw money away.

I am skeptical about getting a telephone. I don't want to argue on the phone with her. If I am drinking beer, I don't want to be tempted to call Shalanda or Paul or even Betty. After all... doesn't my mother have a knack for frustrating me on the phone. Maybe the telephone is just another convenience, like the television, that I can do without.

If JK purchases the air compressor, I hope it is not too loud. I hope it doesn't disturb my neighbors. I sure would be fucked if I were asked to leave Berkeley Ridge...



The wounds are not just to dark bodies but to humanity's collective soul.

7 April 2009 Tuesday

Warning: upstairs neighbor (L303)? knocked on my door requesting I quiet down. TR & I were listening to music and getting somewhat loud and I obviously annoying the neighbor.

Am I going to be "reported" to the office for disturbing the peace?

I guess I ought to call to set up psychiatric appointment in Federal Way ... I will also call my mother. I still resent having nowhere to go to live. I hate how well-behaved most people are. "Christians" can be trouble because they are all-bitten, brown noses, tattletales, "rats".

I will attempt to find a psychiatrist that takes Medicare, call my mother, check around, and pick up some flowers & aspirin...

Health Point, 253 874 7634  
Find Local Social Security office

Suite 200  
1019 W. Janna. St.  
Kent, WA 98032

I am not sure what is left in bank.

I am assuming 35 in NT account, 20 in WT account.  
\$10.80 to Ista ... brings WT down below \$10.



(JOE BAGEANT)

"We see an ever merging global corporate system masquerading electronically and digitally as a nation called the United States. Or Japan for that matter. All the so-called 'mental health technicians' and social workers are part of an INSTITUTION, the American Psycho-social-medical complex (Take Freud, the Black Iron Prison of Empire), and thus authorized to manage public consciousness."

"This financialization of consciousness under American style capitalism has become all we know."

"Corporations are deathless and faceless machines, and have no soul or emotions."

"People in the so-called FREE STATES of the USA are one of the most controlled people on the planet, especially regarding control of our consciousness, public and private. And the control is tightening. This is a sort of Stockholm Syndrome of the soul, in which the prisoner identifies with the values of his or her captors which in some cases is of course, the American corporate state and its manufactured popular culture."

"Most Belizeans own their own homes outright, and all citizens are entitled to a free piece of land upon which to build one. Employment is scarce, and that has a downside: Many folks waste a lot of valuable time having sex. The Jehovah's Witnesses maintained one working hand to fix that problem."

② Some good news: My father gave my mom \$50 to purchase tobacco. She will mail it to me. I was happy to hear her voice. He is strong. I wonder if I should have just told her I got TOP tobacco.

X I am feeling very irritable today - not only am I disgusted with myself for my negativity in understanding how much trauma a trans-continentale adventure I would be, but I am starting to resent the corner I am in: I open my door to my nature friend, and he has made himself feel right at home. He has good instincts. He surely will be able to notice when I need to be left to myself. He wants in on this apartment. I wonder if "the Creator will guide SR



heads: mugshot, thyme, St. John's wort, 67  
LOBELIA, wormwood: Kudzu root for tea.

10 April 2009

@ Friday

well... This society and its coerced forces are closing in around me. Why ~~WILD~~ BEING but getting the attention of my neighbors. Someone from before my apartment posted a note on my door with a threatening warning for me to stop the loud music and I loud talking to or else they would be "forced" to call the police or management. They said I have become a NUISANCE! There were exclamation points as though I were a child being reprimanded by a parent! Just like this the way of our Iron Prison Culture - threats of punishment? Always threats of punishment and always under supervision and surveillance. This fucking society makes me ill, with all its god damned rules and "codes of conduct". Also, at the Transit Center, Federal Way police officers were hawking JR. They threatened to arrest him for "spitting on the ground."

Why have our paths merged?  
Another concern I have is my struggle with "irritability" and "mood swings".  
Witnessed that no mental health facilities take "Medicare." Do I need to apply for Medicaid?  
How long will it be before I find a psychiatrist?  
I can explain my dilemma.

I will type up a letter to local security and wait to hear from them before making the trip to Kent. Hearing my mother's voice helped me to worry less about her. She thinks JR ought to stay at Tent City and only come through the apartment to do artwork.  
I actually do not want a "roomie".  
I prefer solitude. I witnessed how much hurting I was able to get done when alone.  
I don't want to risk leaving Section 8.  
I do not want to return to Tent City. If I were to lose this apartment, I would take a bus - or train - back to New Jersey and see about going into a mental hospital...  
I am very irritable. I can feel it in my bones...  
At least JR respects my radicalism.



## ⑤ RAGE IN THE CAGE

I can feel the rage building up in me.

Now I feel much constant surveillance, always being managed and controlled, and threatened with punishment should I dare be my true passionate self.

My voice — always silenced.

Even my breathing is hard now, and I am so irritated knowing

neighbors listen in on my prayers and songs. I take deep breaths,

and the rage keeps building up.

I will try to read and I stay calm. I wish I could read it

outside somewhere where I have privacy.

There is no freedom in apartment &

complexes in McDonaldized society where

everyone wants to chain me down

and threaten me with punishment as

if this were a god damn McDonalds

and I were a fucking employee

there with some asshole manager

giving a fucking report card. I'm sick

of McDonald and its representatives.

This world will not be missed.

"We have only to close our eyes to sleep and

there in the netherland of the unconscious,

we may be ruled mightily by the potent forms

and forces of the mythic realm.

Myth is a collective dream, dream a

perennial myth. "Clyde W. Ford

I was very appreciative of email from Greg Sherry

of Freehold. He read the article about Ockler

turned me on to - Escape from the Food Court Zombies..

His writing was so powerful, declaring the birds

and animals of the woods to be his "friends."

I shared with him the story by Mark Twain

about father Billings - the greatest woman who

ever lived. I also confessed that my neighbors

already warn me that I am "becoming a

nuisance." I complained about the carnival

of malls along the highway... and made him

argue that I am in another "situation"

where a friend is advising my hospitality.

It might be just as it well if JR

makes the jump back to Monday sooner

than later. The more I think about the

ignorance of those who think I am at

them money, the more I realize I am a

HERO: ~~with~~ I will create my own religion.



## ⑤ RAGE IN THE CAGE

I can feel the rage building up in me.

Now I feel much constant surveillance, always being managed and controlled, and threatened with punishment should I dare be my true passionate self.

My voice — always silenced.

Even my breathing is hard now, and I am so irritated knowing

neighbors listen in on my prayers and songs. I take deep breaths,

and the rage keeps building up.

I will try to read and I stay calm. I wish I could read it

outside somewhere where I have privacy.

There is no freedom in apartment &

complexes in McDonaldized society where

everyone wants to chain me down

and threaten me with punishment as

if this were a god damn McDonalds

and I were a fucking employee

there with some asshole manager

giving a fucking report card. I'm sick

of McDonald and its representatives.

This world will not be missed.

"We have only to close our eyes to sleep and

there in the netherland of the unconscious,

we may be ruled mightily by the potent forms

and forces of the mythic realm.

Myth is a collective dream, dream a

perennial myth. "Clyde W. Ford

I was very appreciative of email from Greg Sherry

of Freehold. He read the article about Olatunwa

turned me on to - Escape from the Food Court Zombies..

His writing was so powerful, declaring the birds

and animals of the woods to be his "friends."

I shared with him the story by Mark Twain

about father Billings - the greatest woman who

ever lived. I also confessed that my neighbors

already warn me that I am "becoming a

nuisance." I complained about the carnival

of malls along the highway... and made him

argue that I am in another "situation"

where a friend is advising my hospitality.

It might be just as it well if JR

makes the jump back to Monday sooner

than later. The more I think about the

ignorance of those who think I am at

than money, the more I realize I am a

HERO: ~~with~~ I will create my own religion.



The fact that the Federal May Police harassed my brother "JR Christicks" (who shot JR 57) makes me realize that each day is precious

11 April 2009 Saturday

I don't think anyone knows where anything is going. I have been keeping the pot stirring... and, perhaps, by now, we have soup. While it may be probable that I will be "evicted" from Berkeley Ridge for LOUD and "BNOXIOUS" behavior, as JR noted, the "black" dudes on the corners beating on drums were most likely causing trouble in McDonald's with their "law-abiding anti-licking neighbors".

X Heretic the Heretic → Doctor Frankenstein

Break the Oligarchy!

13 April 2009 Monday

Dream Recall --- phone call from Dad where he invites me to go to Europe with him... A dinner with the Joker, Bent, Yoda clone... eating food... then smoking reefer & drinking beer with cousin Eric. After that, I see a man. He is reading my journals...

I don't think the latest "site description" is going to sit well with CO: BAD DOGS  
I? criminally insane comedians who are not joking! I am beginning to wonder why I bother... "head cold" a little better, but this  
has got me wanting to sleep more - and my body rejects the coffee.  
Herbal tea - it helps this?  
What else we besides this cold?  
Well, it seems as though JR may not care that his presence here at Berkeley Ridge is putting me in violation of my single occupancy status.  
How does this make me feel?  
Angry? Frustrated? Perhaps JR may get secretly want me to leave this apartment so that I will be back "in the streets".  
I think I prefer to be alone and not have any friends. Am I just being weird, based around, dominated? Am I a punk?  
Does my isolation and "mental illness" make me a vulnerable target for those who prey on idiots, fools, suckers?



Today I will demand JR leave the key here. He can stay clear of here for a few days. I suppose he will be moving on & quite soon, heading back to Montana. There is a conspiracy brewing behind the scenes.

My meppor is once again up to whatever it is he does with Robin. I am not at all "close" to him anymore. I really wonder why I left the (freedom) Area.

Even while laying down, my feet do hurt. Aches and pains are making life rather unpleasant and my mood is one of fear, paranoia, suspicion. Once again I am not at all pleased with my screen name. I wonder if I ought to quit me the 'I'?

Daymed as my ED.

Death is welcome. Living seems absurd.

The Angry — another angry albino? —

— just another angry albino — — ANTI-HEROES

I have no desire/energy to prepare meal even though I am weak and hungry.

Rosea pile up in the sink. Am I getting very depressed? Does JR sense I am vulnerable? Why? What next?

to a desire to die at the root of all mental illness? Misery. Life itself is a miserable experience. Is my misde some kind of "asylum"? Is it an asylum for

divulgence? Hopeless and helpless...

bad dogs? Sad clown? hungry angry lonely tired? miserable wretch —

another nervous wreck?

I don't have to eat. I don't have to do

any work on the website... I just feel like

laying down and letting my misery be

what it is. I am sick and aching.

I don't have any faith. I guess I can

contact CPC if in Aberdeen, but I

really don't know if they are there to

help people or just control a

population of miserable rebels.

Tyranny of justified therapy.

I can't leave my apartment until JR

leaves as I want the spare key where

I guess I am at the point where

I feel he is abusing my hospitality —

mistaking my kindness for meanness.

Do I have the right to be left alone? Is this how one is isolated in

a dimension called loneliness?



I am a lonely man. I really don't have any "friends" to speak of - except for Greg & Ginny, perhaps. I want to live near my mother, even Ethan. I do miss her. I suppose I miss my father too. I may even miss having psychiatric care. Nobody seems to care about me out here; no professionals. Washington is not a very hospitable area of the country. I am becoming more and more lonely. At least I am "in the system" in Manassas County. Perhaps I will die out here and never see anyone ever again. Maybe I will find my true voice. Where would I go if upon returning to New Jersey? What would my plan be? I would have to wait until next March 2010... I guess I could visit my mother and look for section 8 apartment in the area she is living. There will be no need to visit Philadelphia. I most likely would visit Billy Reynolds and Greg & Ginny; but I have learned something about the general nature of reality since leaving Jersey.

There is no getting away from my general unhappiness. I appreciate sleep and look forward to death. Nature will take us back into the earth eventually. I am finally not only growing bored with writing on the Internet, but don't really feel any compulsion to continue making a book. When I leave Federal Way, I will not bring much to Jersey, I must likely will not be for any more adventures, no more exploring. At least I won't be romanticizing about anything. When I think of Jean Watson's attitude toward me, I wonder why I would even want to be back in Frederick. Moving back to Jersey will have to do with me missing my mother and really regretting coming out here to "bond" with my nephew. I can't trust my nephew and I would prefer getting as far away from him and Roger as possible. I face my loneliness, my despair, my confusion. All is nightmarish. Alcohol does not help. I miss marijuana.



One long suicide note. That's what my notebooks are. I feel I will never find a woman to "mate" with. I have so much I want to read ...

R.D. Long <sup>de Sade</sup> Wilson, TV <sup>Kit Marley</sup> <sup>disappearance</sup> <sup>watching</sup> <sup>TV</sup> <sup>press</sup> me.

Not having a telephone isolates me. It is so Radical NOT having a telephone.

I guess I am ~~preparing~~ preparing for death. I could look into a suicidal cult - or perhaps create a suicide cult of my own.

Changing my name at 15 is a daily ritual. Now I even change the site name and site description frequently. I am forever unstable, dynamic, and hard to pin down.

At least I do not participate in the system. I do not function as a "white man" but simply through my way through each day. I guess the old me is dead and gone, and I am way beyond the point of no return. Such a lonely creature I am! I don't want to be comforted by illusions. I wonder what "Aghasthana" has to say about "the Gynics."

Am I even being interesting in reading? Why not put in a request for some of Colin Wilson's works? Why not really attempt to create my own "The Trouble With Being Born"? This is all I have in mind ... I am not searching for a "career" out here. Suicide is painless. People would go about their business and not miss me at all. Life teaches me NOT to WANT it.

Avoiding pain ... not seeking pleasure ...

Strange lucid dreams ... I was in some kind of prison ... always alone but somehow all the prisoners were alone. I do not want any confrontations with neighbors or landlord out here in Washington.

I may have to call 2-1-1 and explain that my crisis is that I have been off psychiatric medication for a few months, I fear of marijuana which used to bring me some relief, and am prepared to detoxify since I am extremely lonely and filled with suicidal ideations.



Sade is exalted as the philosopher in chains and the great theoretician of absolute rebellion.

The only logic known to Sade was the logic of his feelings. Sade denies God in the name of Nature. For Sade, Nature is sex.

We live in a lawless universe where the only master is the inordinate energy of desire.

Sade goes against his times: If the freedom he demands is not one of principles, but of instincts.

Satan rises against his Creator because the latter employed force to subjugate him.

I have risen against those who have employed force to subjugate me.

The Rebel flees from this aggressive and unworthy God.

14 April 2009 Tuesday

To	W	Th	F	Sa	S	M
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

When will tobacco arrive?

Basically I will be "broke" for about 17 days; but I will have the food I stored. I may try to get to food bank.

The book I want to request from the library: Order of Assassins: The Psychology of Murder by Colin Wilson (1952)

The Deep End The only copy they have is in RUSSIAN!

Forum explaining the shadow aspects of experience... Be advised that the "administrators" of these forums have gone off the deep end with no intentions of returning to shallow waters. Abandon hope all who enter here.

(The key is to overcome the gray fog of everyday, dull consciousness by activating the dormant reserves of Faculty X.)

Faculty X Hentic? --- Faculty X

The Deep End?

Be advised that the "admin" of these forums has long since gone off the deep end ~~and~~ <sup>most</sup>

Theoreticians of Absolute Rebellion

Brilliant mistits overcoming the gray fog of everyday consciousness by activating the dormant reserves of Faculty X.

Organizing... organize... organize... so much information. It seems to me that what is needed is a cross between John Brunner, Colin Wilson, Kurt Vonnegut, Mark Twain, and Kit Marlowe.



15 April 2009 Wednesday

5:15 → 201

I let my mother understand how upset I was that she let me to believe she was sending out tobacco kush on the 8th, last week, and yet she still hasn't sent it out. Am I some kind of monster like Tod K? I was upset with my mother for sending Behrman's World As My 18 Rep. Now I already have a copy and was starving. Now, even though my mother has suffered from pinck nerve and problem with arm, spending hours with useless doctors and worse than useless chiropractors, I am NO less upset about her NOT even having purchased the tobacco yet.

I will not lie to myself. She infuriates me. She expects me to go into a hospital. I wonder why I am forced to go to an emergency room? Why? Because I am so irritable I am about to explode in Rage. Nicotine fit? Worse.

Tantrum? Worse. I am more irritable than words can express. My rage is becoming difficult to contain. My patience is depleted.

## A Confederacy of Dunces - John Kennedy Toole

Mat → Diogenes II gave me validation that I am "the man" that I have impressed him over the years to be true to his self.

"I am just a human, being trying to make it in a world that is rapidly ~~forgetting~~ losing its understanding of being human."

16 April 2009 Thursday

Alison recall is vivid. SR, little Welf, a pretty Native woman, an elderly Native woman, and I are in a house... everyone seems to be cooking eggs and pancakes... And there is a Terminator-like spider who transforms into a man... I say, "Uh-oh, it's Iktone"... then it transforms back into a spider. The sound it had made before the metamorphosis was eerie... and I was frightened. I made a noise too.

My mother advises me to go to the Emergency Room to (1) get on psychiatric medication, and (2) get my feet looked at... maybe I can get some special supports.

Why am I so reluctant to go to the hospital? I am afraid I might be committed and kept under surveillance. If I can make it without PSYCHIATRIC Medication, this would liberate me.



There's no need to beat around the bush.  
In Ing Loria's This Perfect Day, the  
medication made me "dull and normalised."  
The TREATMENT CENTERS were equivalent  
to today's "psychiatric hospitals."  
"Advisors" are these "case managers."  
Diogenes II agrees that we are going to  
have to be our own heroes. I  
do for as he's concerned, everyone else  
is for sale and most have already  
been purchased.

Townsend and Gilkey mailing address. ✓

17 April 2009 Friday

I made great soup: 15 bean soup with meat  
(some beans 8 hrs (overnight)); using 2 pots,  
added ~ 2 quarts water + beans (drained) + meat,  
bring to boil. Simmer 2 1/2 hours  
add onion, garlic, dried tomatoes, spinach  
Simmer another 45 minutes... add seasoning...  
I will put 1/2 in freezer for end of month  
when needed badly. I feel very  
powerful today in body, mind, and spirit.  
At library, I may print material on MLK  
and I Kit of Marley from ISIS.  
Mmm don't eat for 8 pounds of American Spirit to become  
opposed SA, M, I, By Wednesday?

6 ~~SECRET~~ ~~SECRET~~ ~~SECRET~~

87

I polished off half the soup already - in one  
day. IR came by, did some artwork, and  
also enjoyed the soup. I did not mind  
sharing it. Marguerite de Sade's letter from Paris  
arrived today. This made me happy, helping me  
endure the absence of tobacco. This whole  
situation with the cost of tobacco, combined  
with the fact that I have virtually been without  
marijuana since leaving New Jersey - and even  
without psychiatric medications has been  
causing me stress. But today I feel a little  
calmer. I spoke to my mother on the phone  
she is quite the rebel at times.  
Now I know where some of my rebellious  
spirit comes from. I AM A SON OF A BITCH.  
Father! I think one of the females from the  
office lives here at Berkeley Ridge in the building  
next to mine. I like the way she says of  
my name. I found myself fantasizing  
about her while "warming my heart."  
I have two weeks to go before I will  
have my cash again. Within that time I  
want to get hooked up with a psychiatrist even  
if I have to go into the hospital. I ~~can't~~



I wonder why I've adventured out here. I've never before told me to not worry about my nephew and Robin, to forge ahead, I to make connections with people who "THINK AS I DO." They always prove to be the only friend to ~~not~~ appreciate me. He had much clear that much he values me as an individual/ creature as a human being. Maybe Tyson will also prove to be one who will want to remain in contact with me.

Perhaps Billy Reynolds does not contact me because he is not a Wordsworth. Maybe people are intimidated.

Imagine if I were to meet a woman I could be compatible with out here... This would change much. Maybe my mother is kind of relieved if I be rid of me. After all, I am overwhelming. Even Shalonda told me I exhausted her... that I "did not stop talking from the time I came to the time I left." Nobody wants me around because my presence is too deep, too intense.

Is this why I appreciate solitude so much? Is this why places like jails, hospitals, tent cities, homeless shelters and even cohabitation with "friends" is so stressful for me?

Who wants to be around others who demand I "shut up" or "be quiet so they can hear the TV"? Life is sad, isn't it? That so much sad, but, when we get close to the bone, close to the heart, when we cease deceiving ourselves, life is what it is: often silly and unpleasant.

Eventually I will want to live near my mother so I can help her with things as she ages. She has always been my greatest friend, and I want to be there for her when she is in need.

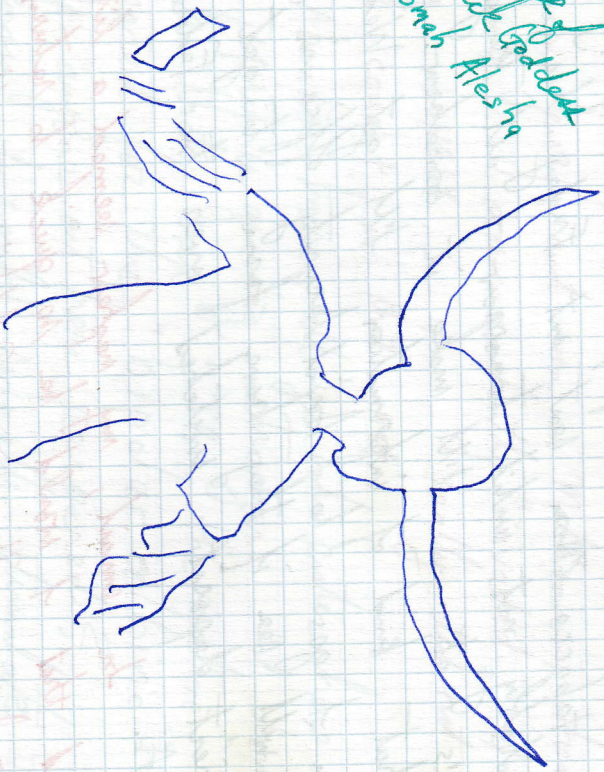
NOT BEING A BURDEN to her, but is helping her. She used to get angry with me for pursuing Shalonda because her instincts knew I that Shalonda was hurting me emotionally, that Shalonda refused to acknowledge I me as a worthy mate who rotting my soul. It appears through neither Shalonda nor my nephew are worthy of MY LOVE !!! I am free now.



6 pouches of Natural Nigerian Spirit traces arrived in the mail today - just like my dream told me!

I gave a present must to Chief Dick ... very quickly. He will know that I am a special presence - as he is also. May we become alive without getting into trouble (trouble with "authorities" in this realm). The Creator makes in very mysterious ways - look up "San shaman" France. Wagadu - Soninke Goddess Desahai Devi - Indian Goddess Ardusur - Peria Woyengi - the Mother Is! Nigeria

The First Book of the Black Goddess Motomah Alesha



Creatrix of all

"I am Mother, the universal Mother, mistress of all the elements, primordial child of time, sovereign of all things spiritual, queen of the dead, queen also of the immortals, the uncle and goddesses that are. My nod governs the shining heights of Heaven, the upheavement of the sea, the heights of the lamentable silence of the world below. Though I am worshipped in many aspects, and propitiated with all manner of different rites, yet the whole round earth venerates me ... and the Egyptians who excel in ancient learning and worship me with ceremonies proper to my godhead, call me by my true name, namely, Queen Isis."

Robert Graves, The Golden Ass

Ogishas ... Wole Soyinka: Myth, Literature, and the African World → essence-ideals

Jung → archetypes of the unconscious

Babalawo → Yoruba term for "priest"

Eshu → Trickster

"Behold Lucius I am come, thy weeping and prayers have moved me to answer thee. I am she that is the natural mother of all things, mistress and governess of all the elements"



21 April 2009 Tuesday

I wake today with a desire to CONFRONT the managers of these apartments about their threats concerning my friend/brother, SR Chapatis.

I am not comfortable "mending around" for the next 10 days, so, now that SR is barred from Fort City and has nowhere to go, I told the officier that I want him to be free to stay here in my apartment for until May 1st when he will have the funds to get a bus back to Montana.

When I mentioned the situation to the young woman in the office, she said, "I don't think we can do that." Point blank. What does this mean?

Do there already a conspiracy under way to remove me from the premises on some grounds such as "complaints from neighbors"? I will not be intimidated. I want a chance to see if I can be content here once SR returns to Montana. If there is a plot in the works, I want to be aware of it so I can make plans. What would I do? Well, I must likely would return to New Jersey, seeking shelter wherever...

I do not want to return to Fort City or get trapped in the Honouua Crisis out here.

Brian Magee

Confessions of a Philosopher

22 April 2009 Wednesday

107

I got permission to have SR stay until the first of May. After that, they will be asking him to leave. I will help him get bus tickets by spending cash on food, giving him the cash, where he was food stamps. Heartbreak - pain - is the very crack in the soul through which genuine art (blood) seeps out.

Basically, although I was able to officially update my address with Social Security and get phone number for prescription plan (Part D) - as well as get the form for DIRECT DEPOSIT to Washington (Federal Way) I was unable to get any help from DSHS. No medical coupon. I was told that I would have to pay doctors out of my own pocket.

I will have to contact 211.com or call 2-1-1. Imagine that. I had better medical insurance when I was on welfare. I better not get any threatening letters from SSA about my "benefits" being in jeopardy. So, I guess I have to live with being fucking irritable, manic, and suicidal.

I am not worried. This is where I stand. Medicare is good only for hospitals?



Now, I once again want a new name.  
Wife E Coyote?

It is becoming increasingly apparent that the government of and instituting that mold our minds have implemented a SYSTEM from which we cannot escape.

We are under the sway of the Black Iron Prison, the worldly forces of political tyranny and oppressive social control. Prisons, mental institutions, schools, and military establishments all share similar organizational of space and time.

The Empire never ended.

[The aim of so-called politics is to keep the populace alarmed (and hence clamorous to be led to safety) by menacing it with an endless series of hobgoblins, all of them imaginary. Hence, the war on drugs and the draconian rules enforced by mayor & neighbors who spy on us in "the interest of safety" and "security." (Please report any suspicious behavior.) How do they turn the prisoners themselves into prison guards?]

Beside really during my own journals, I will be ordering books from library. I will start off with The Beckoning - The Murder of Christopher Malone. And perhaps Beyond The Occult (Colin Wilson) George Meredith too.

I don't like the noise they have me hanging from - and I really do sense that my mother may need me in her life this coming year when she goes through the more.

My nephew is basically selfish - who can I blame him? And yet, he has little understanding that I want to be there for my mother when she is going through this difficult transition.

There will be another opportunity for me to leave New Jersey - perhaps California. I'm not sure. I have no choice but to guess I really have a chance, at least until February 28, 2010! Goddam.

I am becoming more paranoid as I witness how quickly the general public is to point me out as a bizarre menace - ]



# NOTHING MAN

I know that the media (and almost everyone we come in contact with) would believe that "global economic depression" is a terrible crisis, this is a good thing. It will reduce the amount of weapons being manufactured, it will reduce the amount of cars being manufactured, it will slow down industry and "expansion".

The present global world power system is in a terminal phase in a process that began 500 years ago with the emerging age of Reason and its founders, Niccolò Machiavelli and Ignatius Loyola; and which has reached its zenith in the twentieth century, powered by the global arms trade and of war and enabled by a soulless, greed-based economics backed by a hostility developed and uniquely dangerous technology. (Saul 1992)

David Shenfeld: "This power system, with its transnational corporations, its giant military machines, its globalized financial system and world trade, is agr...

used to build up industrial infrastructure at the expense of the world's farmers --- with its growing numbers of jobless people and people in bad jobs, with its endless refugees, with its trail of damaged cultures and damaged ecosystems and with its fatal internal flaws, is now coming apart."

Shenfeld continues, "There is a larger lesson to learn. Both George Orwell and Wendell Berry have said that we are going to have to learn how to live with a little poorer. Not poorer in spirit, not poorer in happiness, just poorer in the material things we don't need. If we can learn this lesson, maybe the best parts of civilization and nature will emerge after all. We shouldn't ask for more than that."

"Moving forward requires that we provide satisfying alternatives to those who have been most seriously injured by the present technology and economic."



"They include farmers, blue collar workers suddenly perfect because of unfair competition from foreign slave labor or American 'workfare' and countless bank where lives and work have been made redundant by the megastore in the shopping malls."

"If good alternatives are not found soon, the coming collapse will inevitably provoke a terrible wave of violence born of desperation."

28 (Tuesday): too drunk to post...

I am going over the edge, pacing back and forth out on sidewalk to listen to radio. I sense the local police are observing me closely on things people have complained about and as some kind of menace. I'll go back when and under in the back room. I realize that Wed + Thurs are his last days, but, come Friday, there may be some "trouble" as he will want to stay until he actually goes on the train.

shq/ova? : No/yes? Louie...

Is there going to be a problem? (31)

Once he does leave, will I find a doctor to provide medical care? Will I feel myself abandoned? I get "evicted"? Will I get "jumped" out here in the street? Would this "change" my views? I mean, what if I become more "hateful"?

As the economy "collapses", will more and more people "wage war" against those who do not participate?

I have the feeling that my writing on the internet may draw attention to me... besides my own behavior - and that people I do not, CAN NOT, appreciate my intellect.

Am I a "target"?

Do people hate me? Am I in danger of being lynched?

What is to be my fate?

Am I afraid? Am I going to ever make it back to New Jersey?

Will I see my parents again?

Will I ever see my mother again?

Will I die soon? How does it end?



135

dress, and for.

I must look into Jackson Hyde (see entry page 10)

2

9

 $f_0$ 

about ALLELES  
except by  
2 / about the  
date of the Specie



15



Well then, its about time I got myself some respect. I'm a "scrub"?

I'm a "loser"? [Nobody wants to hear MY SONG! I hate this world. Not even my mother would be able to listen to me.]

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respected me anyway?

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respected me anyway?

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respected me anyway?

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respected me anyway?

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respected me anyway?

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respected me anyway?

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respected me anyway?

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respected me anyway?

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respected me anyway?

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respected me anyway?

Why do I ever want to go back to New Jersey? Who the fuck respected me anyway?

And yet! Sometimes we are weak. We feel rage and anger and exact a never-forgotten vengeance - - - ]

1 May 2009 Friday

"Only a monster can allow himself to see things as they are." - Cioran

2 May 2009 Saturday

"We're to undertake an exhaustive self-scrutiny, despite would paralyze us," he would like dreamed to a thousand existence."

who is Melody Gardot?

3 May 2009 Friday

I am being moved a 10 day warning from the Berkeley Bridge Apartment. I was walking around in a drunken rage "willing" and was reported to the office.

Also, we are unable to post at 1515.

Something is really suspicious about this. I am not sure what to do about it.

The world is closing in on me. I don't know what to do. I maybe I will go to the Medical Clinic Monday.

The world is closing in on me. I don't know what to do. I maybe I will go to the Medical Clinic Monday.



I've fallen into a trap - a food's paradise  
everything about this place smells  
like a trap: Informants, spies,  
con-artists...

I will try to keep things in perspective.  
I can't let it overwhelm me. This

is CITIZENS HARASSMENT where I have  
been targeted for **TERMINATION**.

Fuck this scam. What can I do but

fight back? No more tears. I would  
tell that that woman was in such a

rough to get me to sign the lease

because she knew I was being

set up. What a sucker I am!

One thing is certain. They can't take

my indignation away from me.

I **ANGER** IS A **GIFT**.

I will defend myself against these

crooks. Fuck!!! I **why did I**

over leave New Jersey? Well, remember,

Ocean Shore. The whole town

seemed to hate me. Remember the Albany

Park Police? They were ruthless, cruel,

and violent, talking to me as if I were a

dog! Remember Matamoras? Remember Red Bank.

I know why I left New Jersey. These poor  
people at CPC, at HABCORE, getting  
robbed systematically! \$700 to live  
in Harsco and shuffled back and forth  
to CPC - a goddam hall of  
mirrors!

Yes, I jumped from the flying pan  
right into the pie before me much

further, there is no telling what I

will do. My mother says I

ought to return to New Jersey and

live in a Men's Homeless shelter.

She doesn't want me living with her.

She pleads with me not to commit

suicide, but she would not give me

shelter even here if I return.

So, what the fuck is going on?

Is everyone waiting for me

to commit suicide?

I dated in a diner called

Loneliness. We have to pay a

professional to listen to us?

People have their own troubles... nobody

cares. This world is full of shit.



Fuck AUTHORITY! And fuck the  
 copy alpha mule who believe I  
 fear their wrath. I am not afraid  
 of death. When I left New Jersey,  
 I may have left for good never  
 to return. I AM A SUICIDE.  
 I am with Billy Muschum. Billy is  
 surely with me I might this moment  
 in INFINITY.  
 And where shall I go with my R&D10,  
 my diaries, my books, my tent,  
 my blankets? I carry it all?  
 How shall I carry it all?  
 I will have to invest in a car  
 of some kind. A chest with wheels.  
 How shall I get it on bus?  
 I may have said goodbye to my  
 mother tonight on the phone. I  
 No bullshit! Close to the bone.  
 at least the literature must have  
 indeed my interests are very unique.  
 Even now, I have reason not only  
 to stay alone, but also to stay  
 here at Berkeley Ridge Apartments.  
 I AM IN SOME KIND OF TRAP.

Observe what I am currently researching:  
 The Quest for Wilhelm Reich -  
 a critical biography by Colin Wilson  
 the Reckoning: The Murder of Christopher  
 Marlowe by Charles Michael  
 Both these books are detective research  
 into the underworld. These days, there are  
 so many people on the payroll of some  
 kind of "secret government" -  
 where do people get their fancy cars?  
 And these people in positions of authority  
 who can't even write?  
 I suppose my intelligence highlights  
 people. I suppose people are hating me  
 wherever I go. Some are  
 so stupid that they take me for  
 a fool. They laugh at me when in  
 the herd. They mock me  
 because they take comfort in the idea  
 that someone as brilliant as me  
 is at the mercy of DUMKOLPHAS!  
 I was at the mercy of two parents  
 who could never fathom me.  
 I was at the mercy of teachers,  
 police, case-workers who could never  
 complete ME!



[The business about "men before Adam" is often connected with Harriot's knowledge of American Indian mythology]

15 May 2009 Friday

Body I feel better I just 1 day with no alcohol. Brain feels better. It is time to stay off the white man's poison.

Besides Bruno, me if any Marlone?

Diagnose? Pythagorean? occult?

The book, Sales for Good, awaits, but I want to transcribe some information from The Rectory before returning it.

Chadwick's whole pose as an atheistic revolutionary is designed to implicate Marlone, whom he specifically names as his atheistic guru. The Church of Christ libel can be seen as the opening move in the smear campaign against Marlone.

The message: Followers of Marlone, those "permeated by his reasons" are men bent on political violence. There are gangs of malcontented street, and there are gangs of malcontented planning to set up communes and "live according to their own laws, and they are all spreading rhetoric inspired from Marlone. The message comes out, through these devious means, that Marlone is a dangerous man.

Lines of Eminent Philosopher (Auregenae) Laertis

16 May 2009 Saturday

I have a burning desire to reread

Dostoevsky's Notes from Underground so

that I may learn from such a master how to write honestly. I am a sick man. How much money do I spend on alcohol and tobacco?

Why can't I put the money into nutritious food? I seem to be my own worst enemy. I want to confess this to the world. I write for myself. I am almost certain that suicide would solve all my "problems" at once, but I just can't bring myself to do it.



This is why I drink alcohol - it is a  
slow suicide. **Beavis Postorsky's NOTES**

FROM UNDERGROUND, I would like to be read  
Catcher in the Rye - ANTI-AUTHORITARIAN.

I am the Stone Age ~~was~~ maximal existing on  
the fringe of the Space-Age. I pray for  
a great flood to destroy this carnival!  
The library had a copy of NEU by Postorsky.  
They also had "Catcher in the Rye" - it is  
under SALINGER - the youth section!

17 May 2009 Sunday

Is it true? The more pain that  
you have been through in life, the  
more you are able to laugh.  
Is this true? Comedians - some  
are vulgar, whereas others are more  
philosophical.

I am like a Stopperoff - a  
Germanic character - or the underground  
man of Tyler Postorsky. Whenever I  
go, it seems like I am always in trouble  
of some kind due to what others  
say about me. This is the tyranny of  
public opinion - in the flesh.  
I am the singing philosopher.

18 May 2009 Monday

My mother's house is apparently for sale now.  
Where will she go? It is as if she is  
having a nightmare.

I myself, I've been on the telephone all  
morning trying to get into a detox.  
I'm paying \$1100 a week. That it could cost  
mealy \$1100 or at least \$900!  
I will find out what the cost will  
be before agreeing to go in. I don't  
want a huge medical bill.  
As I am broke, I will not have  
money for alcohol anyway - not even  
cigarettes. So I am preparing for  
detox withdrawal symptoms. I will do  
research on the internet to see what  
I might be in for.  
The Highline Recovery Center is telling  
me that my ~~addiction~~ ID is not coming up as  
not covered. What if they decide to  
take me? I have no way of  
getting there. I will meet with doctors  
on my own. I will also be  
withdrawing from tobacco addiction.  
The time has come to resist...



Now I am a little over-stimulated. I am nearly into my readings of Postscript and Palanik and what do you know? I arrived at the library! I actually feel a bit too much joy.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS...

The chapters I am interested in:

Book 6 - Antisthenes p2  
Diogenes 22

Book 5 - Pythagoras p320

I want have to read the entire text, but it will be a great experience taking notes from this one.

Faithful autobiographies are nearly impossible - man is almost sure to tell a pack of lies about himself.

I am sure to be taking notes from this little book Diogenes Laertius. For example, in the section on ANTISTHENES, being told that Plato was advising him, he remarked, "It is a royal privilege to do good and be ill-spoken of."

[To the question why he had but few disciples he replied, "Because I use a silver rod to eject them." When a friend explained to him that he had lost his notes, "You should have inscribed them," said he, "on your mind instead of on paper."]

It will be difficult to go without to base, and yet Schopenhauer was most likely able to do so. Even Martin Luther King Jr. smoked (secretly).

When Antisthenes was asked what advantage had accrued him from philosophy, his answer was, "the ability to hold converse with myself." Antisthenes used to taunt Plato with being conceited.

DIOGENES (404-323 BC) was a student of Antisthenes. MONIMYS was a student of Diogenes. HIPPARCHIA fell in love with the life and the discourse of Cates, and would not pay attention to any of her suitors, their wealth, their high birth or their beauty. But to her Cates



is 877 0 v → the unknown,  
"that which does not come within the range of sense"

[EPICURUS says "No pleasure is in itself evil,  
but the things which produce certain  
pleasures entail annoyances many times  
greater than the pleasures themselves."]

Books on hold: Foo! (Christopher Moore)

Confederacy of Dunces (Toba)

Post Office (Bukowski)

also borrowed: Diary (a novel by Palamnik)

JUST FOR ME  
I don't need no piano keys  
Don't need no goddam electricity  
My own bong sets me free

Sing my song just for me - just for me  
just for me - just for me  
Ain't tryin' to be a your top forty!

Because I sing this song just for me

I have a ritual going here in Federal Way, where  
I am actually content & without alcohol, without  
other marijuana ... without even tobacco ...

I can't imagine giving up tobacco altogether,  
but if I could I eventually see myself of  
the cravings ... imagine that I would be.

I renamed isis.phpbb3now.com,  
"Guerrillas of Dark Comedy."

We explore important issues, provoking discomfort  
and serious thought. George Carlin is screaming  
up at us: "Fuck Hope!" ---  
To acknowledge your account here: register at  
isis.forumotion.com

Upon going through H#109 (January 2008),  
I discovered much material for typing  
directly onto guerrillas of Dark Comedy. (I can  
do it this directly from the office (apartment)  
in the morning ... a little at the library ...  
and some I move back at office.)

It stands on page 88.  
Maybe it belongs in Theories & Observations.

"The Earth Has Become a Madhouse!"

(88-91, 98, 100, 103, 110-111, 114, 131-132, 135)  
P. 113 → in the thread where I quote Cioran... The Flood  
{ p 125

139-140: DH Lawrence quote → Woman's Power?

Change Women's Cause to Woman's Power



Once again my mood is shifting. Coffee crash?  
Reactivating my account at Facebook was  
useless and swift. Rich Bore just doesn't  
have a clue. He tells me to share my  
brand off so as to be better able to  
"attract a honey." He doesn't have a clue  
of what it is to have absolutely no  
money. He says I look like a

Unabomber in training.  
No fucking kidding.

And so, yes, I disappeared from Facebook—  
corporate america must fuck!

Once again I am wondering what to name  
myself; X-Hentric or Mike the Truth?

Perhaps something altogether different?

Basically I HIDE ANNY. I sense that  
Tommyson & I will be re-organizing again.

Maybe I'll just go back to calling myself  
Mike the Truth. I was decent...

Should I hide Strong Dose of Madness  
from guests to encourage people to register?

Mike the Truth? I just call myself  
Mike the Truth?

Non Serviam? Holy Hot Dog?  
AbTAXas? AbTAXas!  
Yes... AbTAXas!

And what about all these forums?  
Shall I consolidate them? I guess I am  
finally fed up... perhaps I am feeling a little  
confused from the alcohol withdrawal and  
the nicotine withdrawal. What can I do  
why not just read the Palahmire novel?  
I why do I even allow myself to fantasize  
about these women? Am I like an animal  
in a Zoo who has been permanently ruined for  
"natural life in the wilderness"?  
Is that my truth?

albino chimpanzee? Is that me?

Mike the albino chimpanzee? I wish I had  
access to the web. I'll make the change early  
like 9:10AM tomorrow. I feel better already

being myself as a chimpanzee—but I  
am a chimpanzee in a Zoo, not in the  
wild. Damaged albino chimpanzee.

Why am I holding down my raw frustrations?

At least I am off the television, at  
least I have stepped out of the drunken

madman mode. I am a chimpanzee

in a Zoo. I isolate. I hide. I

read dark comedy. I write mad poetry.

Madman Mike?



No matter what I decide to name myself tomorrow, I am a man who has utterly snapped. I do not love mankind. I do not love womankind. I am at odds with the world, at war with everything.

I am confused. I was in here one night by myself, listening to the radio, and someone called the police on me. Tonight there are like 18 kids loud as hell across the hall, slamming the door over and over again, talking loud, getting drunk.

Nobody seems to mind at all. Is this part of some kind of fucking citizen's harassment group?

Think about it: People screaming, "I am ready to drink; the party is up here !!!"

Here I am trying to not drink alcohol - It is as though these people KNOW they won't get in any trouble. I don't understand.

I was threatened with eviction for loud music and loud talking - just me and one Native friend. This place is FULL OF SHIT. Everyone is FULL OF SHIT.



泥 :::: Mudslide Mike & The Theoreticians of Rebellion :::: 泥

Announcements & Feedback

Introductions

News or Nonsense

Theories & Observations

A Critique of Economic Slavery

Abandon Hope

Rants, Confessions, and Heresy

The Politics of Experience

General Mayhem

Songs for the People, The Starving Artists: Poetry,  
Comic Relief, Dream Recall, Crazy with the Books,  
Crazy with the Film, unassimilated menace,  
code-monkey

Background & Shockwaves

Book Projects

A Strong Dose of Madness

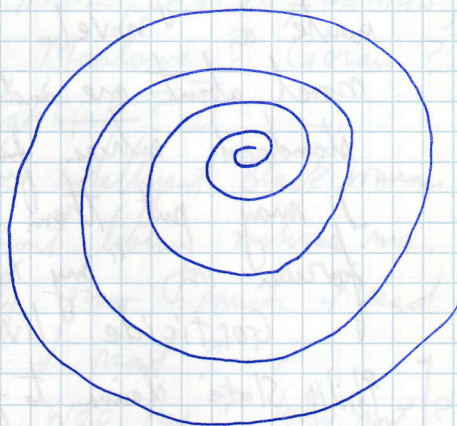
Ineantions

Literary Experiments

Gort Boosters

Inner Circle

Mike Hantuch = Mud = 泥  
"Mudslide Mike"





To go outside the mythos is to be insane. 341  
My worldview cannot be taken from me.  
"Crazy insane" is the way to be outside  
the system inside my head. I have to  
fight the stress and the depression caused  
by power subjugating me.

I no longer care about "educating  
the masses." I have witnessed how vulgar  
and ignorant people are - from the well-off  
cunts ~~and~~ and pricks who talk shit about me  
while they drive by in their fucking automobiles  
to the miserable wretches who run the  
"Tent City" concentration camps.

People just accept it. People act like  
the United States of America is such a great  
~~place~~ government, such a great culture.  
The truth is that the entire industrial  
world, both East and West alike, ~~are~~ is  
a plantation of HAVES and HAVE-NOTS,  
pharaohs and slaves; there are many  
victims - and the victims are damaged,  
so damaged, that they are dangerous.  
Myself, like all those born into this  
civilization, have many fears - fears of  
being hurt or killed should I defend what I  
love.



28 June Sunday

I launch an attack - a form of renaissance.  
 "Under any fascism, any bolshevism, any  
 McCartyism, any Islamism, any cancer of the  
 brain, any cancer of the soul...  
 We are the new heretics. The new outlaws.  
 The new dissidents." ~ Osama Bin Laden

I want to understand what is happening in Europe  
 and North America. The Policy of the Womb.  
 Algeria President, Boumedienne: "One day millions  
 of men will leave the southern hemisphere of this  
 planet to bust into the northern one, but not as  
 friends. They will bust in to conquer and they  
 will conquer it by populating it with children.  
 Victory will come to us from the wombs of our  
 women."

Sucker Europe is to be stolen from its non-Muslim citizens  
 by a low-level demographic war.

Islam offers Mohammed as the perfect Man, to be  
 imitated throughout history eternally: their murderers  
 could not resist, dare I order, Islam teaches that  
 revenge must be taken and justice not believed.  
 My "bombers" is becoming more and more  
 controversial.

The creature by detaching from the creator causes  
 both to perish.

29 June Monday

"As during his stay in Siberia an interview  
 philosopher used to wander around medieval  
 streets of the city, talking to the occasional  
 passerby, to dwarfs, beggars, and prostitutes, in  
 France Cioran once again brought contact with  
 social outcasts. Interested in "ruined or  
 mentally unbalanced... people" he made friends  
 with the women of the night, listening in restaurants  
 to the stories of decay. All of them -  
 beggars, prostitutes, suicidal maniacs -  
 would remain close to him until the end of  
 his days, and from them he would learn  
 about life - and about philosophy -  
 a truth greater than that offered by the  
 superior philosopher when he repudiated  
 for lack of authenticity and sensitivity to  
 the real condition of man, this  
 "venomous" and poisonous serpent.

For Cioran, just as for Schopenhauer, man  
 meritor in all things, metaphysical, man  
 is a species that should never have existed"  
 ~ Martin Petrey



1. I slept in the humor of the night - that is the last of the rider - to immerse oneself in the humor of the night, to harness the power of darkness for artistic creation. How else could the audience drag authors here illuminated the tragedy lurking in the human condition? Not by reminding oneself from life. Not by acting back and observing the passing years.

### The Buddhist four noble truths:

1. Life is suffering
2. Suffering is caused by attachments (to objects, ideas, individuals, to survival itself)
3. There is an antidote to suffering: the cessation of desire, of attachment, of the self.
4. There is a specific pathway to a suffering-free existence: the eight-step path to enlightenment.

Perhaps we can do better. Perhaps we can see what the Buddha did not see.

Perhaps we can see what Jesus missed. Perhaps the four noble truths are not very true after all. Had the Buddha gotten it right? Also, why are we compelled to lose Jesus or submit to Allah?

Is the price of the remedy worse than the disease? Do we need to be cured of the cure? Religion "spiritual" disciplines require renunciation, sacrifice, limitation, and resignation. What about joy, expansion, passion, care, diem (seize the day)?

Don't all religions lead on release or a better life hereafter, target the poor, the suffering, the outcast?

I found parts of Ervin Yalom's book, The Schopenhauer Cure, annoying at all. I do not like the therapist at all -

and the "group therapy" just pissed me off. Yalom's "Hendricks" represents Yalom, then I dislike the author. Fuck group therapy.

I dislike the Tony characters - I am 100% cheering for Philip; this is the character I identify with.

I think I could write a better book about being a disciple of Arthur Schopenhauer.

I wonder where my relation to Carver's will lead. Why would she pressure Otis into Church, but not me? What does this reveal I am feeling myself perhaps falling out of love & quickly. I will see answers in sleep. Rather



From our bodies we gain intuitive knowledge that we cannot conceptualize and communicate because the greater part of our inner lives is unknown to us. It is repressed and not permitted to break into consciousness, because knowing our deeper natures, our "Shadow", our demons, our complexes (the old gods & spirits?) - our cruelty, fear, envy, sexual lust, aggression, self-seeking) would cause us more disturbance than we could bear. 383

Basically, Freud created a discipline "psychotherapy" from Schopenhauer's theories and observations but denied the origins. The unconscious (The Spirit World), primitive process, the id, repression, self-deception... These are the vital germs, the primordial origins of "psychoanalysis".

Schopenhauer's major work was published forty years before Freud's birth.

When Freud and Nietzsche were schoolboys in Germany, Schopenhauer was Germany's most widely read philosopher.

So, how do we understand these unconscious forces?



One we even able to communicate those unconscious forces to others?

While we can't CONCEPTUALIZE the

unconscious forces, we must certainly

EXPERIENCE them.

Schopenhauer devoted more attention to

the ARTS, specifically to MUSIC,

than any other philosophy.

Why? Because UNCONSCIOUS

FORCES can be conveyed directly through

MUSIC! Why was Arthur able to write about

the personal importance of sex to our internal

life? Why was he able to construct

his thought on an atheistic foundation?

Other philosophers did not dare to be too

explicit about their non-belief. Why?

Because they were dependent for their livelihood

upon the state and universities employing them.

Even Kant was forbidden to

express anti-religious sentiments.

Arthur Schopenhauer was NEVER EMPLOYED

and was FREE to write as he wished.

In our good days we do not know what calamity fate at this new moment has in store for us — sickness, poverty, impoverishment, mutilation, blindness, madness, and death.

One thing I am repulsed by in Plato's novel — is how the people in group therapy bully

Philip (the Schopenhauer disciple) and demand

he see group therapy as some kind of gift — even though it is mostly misery for him

to endure.

"I do not write for the crowd.... I hand

down my work to the thinking individuals

who I in the course of time will

appear as rare exceptions. They will feel

as I felt, or as a shipwrecked sailor

feels on a desert island for whom

the trace of a former fellow sufferer

affords more consolation than do all the

cuckatoos and apes in the trees."

— A.S.

Schopenhauer said that after death we will be

what we were before our birth, proving

the impossibility of there being more than

one kind of nothingness.

NOTHINGNESS is what I was and

what I shall be. One thing this reading of

Plato's The Symposium gave me is making

clear to me. I may be the reincarnation of

Arthur Schopenhauer. Our lives are similar, although this "Hentrich cat" has also been a sailbird.



that is "common sense"? Mass hypnosis. 393  
We are hypnotized into seeing the world we see.  
Societies no longer burn cognitive heretics  
at the stake, but we nevertheless  
generate scorn and ridicule and even stand  
the risk of being locked up in mental  
institutions (or, in situations like the USA,  
just thrown in jail) for having what will  
be called a "fundamental cognitive disorder".  
I deviate by not paying homage to the  
work ethic, by having a hostile attitude  
towards automobiles, property, banks,  
and draconian "laws."

The system is fucking me over again.  
They've been fucking me over for years.

What is ~~AN~~ ANOMIE? Am I ANOMIC?

- Anomie → at loose ends...
- anomie → the disregard of divine law
- an absence of accepted social standards

a = "without"

nomos = "law"

The original definition of anomie defined anything  
or anyone AGAINST or OUTSIDE the LAW!  
Anomie is a reaction against or a retreat from  
the regulatory social controls of society.



Traditional religion often provide the basis for the shared values which the anomic individual lacks.

ANOMIE → "disregard or violation of the law"

In Albert Camus's existentialist novel The Stranger the bored alienated protagonist Meursault struggles to construct an individual system of values. He exists in a state of anomic. He sees step by step also appears anomic, Harry Heller is least with reflections on his being ill-suited for the world of "everybody's" the regular people.

Haunted

Haunted, haunting influencing their unconscious in unpredictable events by their dreams they are haunted you are haunted I am haunting

Transmit telepathically visions, moods, daydreams I want to see the population implying the power brokers' broken machines haunting their HDTVs out windows breaking

Evergreen Tired of programs, de-program, de-zombify Keep the coke and keep the juke... Why? Because I'm choking on lies!

Content Not content with the content In my own mind A parallel sentiment awaken uncertain awaken uncertainty in you why? Because I'm through

I'm a wild militant of a de-alienated world Telepathy with the Creator... Haunting me... I see her face there's guiding me in death my soul let free I free from the personal identity I merge with the "it" haunting the haunted Gonna haunt

The power brokers and chosen slaves at me With the parody of dogs Beware of fascist therapy It makes ya person completely sub-directed I'm not hiding my inner life

They're gonna I have no choice But to detect it The person they tried build Now he's detected Haunting the haunted Let the truth be told No I more will I be brought or sold Come on that shit has known so old

IS is communicate with me constantly It hurt my heart to see what I see Phenomenological psychology As ghosts will be free Eating dirt Released me from insanity



When I left New Jersey I was leaving CPC, I was escaping the possibility of landing in a shelter like HARBOR, I suspected to day program and medication. Has this journey been an alternative to death? Am I in my way out of this world, to return to the nothingness I was before death?

Has life taught me not to WANT IT? Isn't it true that I have revisited enslavement? I may be on the verge of a dramatic change of heart, where I take the lessons I have learned and begin to use those lessons to outwit those who would take advantage of my kindness.

I fear sweet it would be to be whisked away into NOTHINGNESS along with my anxieties. I deny the solution I to all our problems must be in death. So much suffering in this world so much cruelty, pain, violence, brutality, and hatred. No wonder I hide away. No wonder I isolate. Where would I reside were I to return to New Jersey? Somewhere in Township? Mammoth County? Will I ever even make it back? Will I die out here alone, never to see my parents again?

Life seems to be such a nightmare of anxiety. Why are we bombarded with so many lies? Is there a way for me to benefit from all my deep thinking? Have I not studied many traps? If I can live without tobacco, without alcohol, without any recreational drugs, wouldn't this keep me from prison's way? I shall not be a prisoner any longer!

And as for TRACES OF ANOMIE, the idiot's tool of reaching out to try to educate the world. As I live (as I said) this world is not interested in what I think or say. Am I at the point where I just don't care? Perhaps I have reached a point where I care myself enough to play death takes me over.

I am up to the IV of TOOL and shall most likely be able to return it Monday before going to court. I look forward to re-reading LILA. It may give me some insight into Sartre's obsession with the old Christopher. Now, more than ever, I am convinced that solitude is better than befriending NAMPPIRES. I am fighting for the music.



I am simply blessed with philosophical intelligence. With so much mental confusion out there, so much misunderstanding and simple-minded religiosity, I do feel BLESSED that I am able to maintain the stubborn attitude I have. I don't submit to any kind of authority. I see through ministers, priests, psychiatrists, doctors, judges, prosecutors, police I see through others.

Let them read my body language. Let them behold my utter indifference. I have endured hardships and I have been able to make it with others in academic settings. I have also experienced the snobbery and arrogance and total stupidity of the so-called affluent. People are full of shit, but it is not safe to point this out. I have reached a point in my intellectual and emotional development where I can keep my INSIGHTS to myself. Something within me is FIGHTING BACK and COMING ALIVE.

It is my ANIMAL BODY coming alive. The non-human parts of my core being begin to see how absurd human civilization is. I see through the facades of society. I see through the force. No wonder my gaze must make others uncomfortable. I witness. I am the eyes, and conscience of the Creator of the universe.

~~Social~~ Social order is imposed through violence and physical force: men over women, masters over slaves, priests over laity, aristocrats over peasants, rulers over people. "Rulers make bad lovers. Better put your kingdom up for sale..."

I don't have to convince my sister or her husband or anyone else of my worldview. I sit back and know that we each are born alone and die alone. I have always been a seeker of Truth. I stand in truth even as it is unpleasant. Religion exists to legitimize the power and privilege. Whomever controls the economy controls the children. Therefore I have managed to become a FREE THINKER.



The "inner nature" of existence is becoming quite clear to me. I wrote for myself - not for mankind, not for the future, not for "the movement". We each have to

experience existence, undisturbedly isolated. This shatters Western power on a deep level. What another can be for us is not really that much. We each have to endure, and we can't depend on others.

I realize and accept how much error is in other's thinking. I see through the grand, the dreams, the pretense.

Rereading Robert Frost's LILY may be just what I need at this juncture of my life.

While I did get away from CPC and Monmouth County, far away, I still have to BE, and being human is a complicated business no matter where we find ourselves. If I can be a spiritual companion to Canadians, then so be it. I do have WISDOM,

KNOWLEDGE, UNDERSTANDING, INSIGHT...

I may not be able to explain ANTI-CELTICS, but perhaps I can TEACH BY LIVING IT.

449  
What I feed my brain is very potent. I am "off" television (unplugged). I am now even "off" the telephone (unplugged). I am living in a realm in between worlds. I am

LIVING A POLITICS OF EXPERIENCE.

I dove into the Great Depression of the 21st Century, reaching out for social security and I reckon I'm having as early as 2005 when I realized that even after graduating with Honors with a Bachelor of Science degree, the game is so rigged that I may as well learn to rise above the false hierarchies of civilization so as to face and face down the status quo and the exploiters.

I have expended thought to the point of madness, and I behave Robert Frost has some insights about sanity and insanity which will help me interact with the "This Perfect Day Treatment Center" with caution. If I am living the drama of a Jesus or a Jesus Myself ("idiot"), I want to evolve beyond them.

I want to be the "good honest man" who wakes up and FIGHTS BACK. I want to live a HEROIC LIFE. Am I a SUPER-HERO?



Oedipus is belief injected into the unconscious as it holds us of power. It gives us faith as it ROBS US OF POWER. Authority is not power. Authority is a mutation of power.

A schizoanalysis would schizophrenize in order to break the hold of authority.

EGOLOSS is the experience of all mankind, and an even further journey into the range of animals, vegetables, and minerals.

Depressed populations are easily repressed, demeaned, and made desic! If desic is repressed, it is because every desire, no matter how small, is capable of being called into question the established order of a society: DESIRE IS EXPLOSIVE.

While I understand there are many "novels" and stories worth reading, now that I find myself transforming into a stronger militant, now that I find myself really starting to accept that the masses are duped, I having lost interest in a world that mocks me, I will have my Revenge. My Revenge will be to develop my understanding, my fearlessness, my stubbornness

21 July Tuesday

midcrine → schizo 45

I have quite simply ceased being afraid of becoming mad.

Inner transformations could prove to be the solution to our despair. I awaken repressed and aware of the sacred remanability inherent in life. Re-reading and studying Deleuze and Guattari's Anti-Oedipus is stimulating my entire being.

What had once felt obscure to me is now slowly coming into focus. While the gods are closing "success" and "authority" and status in the culture of Mike Belore, I am returning upon myself. Even if it is only myself who increased my "development," I am still able to experience a secret delight.

Now, about AKA at ISIS. We are down to less than a handful in my forum. I have, as I said, lost interest in educating the masses. No I even have to do anything at all? I am some kind of scholar...

and, because I do not fear madness, I am able to challenge the dominant society.

I am well aware that in only because I have rejected the rat race that I am free to study obscure philosophical texts.